# Where is Your Hair?

In your comb? Why so? Is not the head a much better place for it? Better keep what is left where it belongs! Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, quickly stops falling hair. There is not a particle of doubt about it. We speak very positively about this, for we know.

*Does not change the color of the hair.*

Ayer's — Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

Indeed, the one great leading feature of our new Hair Vigor may well be said to be this—it stops falling hair. Then it goes one step further—it aids nature in restoring the hair and scalp to a healthy condition. Ask for "the new kind."

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—


# THE HERALD.

DRINK WAINSCOTT'S ROXA KOLA

Bill Tyler, of Netty, visited his father, M. S. Tyler, a few days recently.

Miss Virginia Day, who has been away for some time, returned home Friday.

A full page ad for the big barbecue at Jackson necessitates six pages this week.

Mrs. Q. C. Daniel and daughters, Roxie and Mabel, are visiting at Morehead this week.

Will Welch, of the Paris Milling company, was a guest of John M. Rose Tuesday night.

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Kelse Couch died Sunday last and was buried Monday.

Miss Lula Nickell spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Jane Nickell, near Daysboro.

Bill Foreman, of Campton, an oil man, moved to the Roe Nickell property, at this place, yesterday.

We are under obligations to W. C. Hamilton, secretary Montgomery Fair Association, for courtesies extended.

Late arrivals at the Swango House are W. O. Rash and wife, W. H. Piper and wife, and Byron Smith, all of Lexington.

Jord Wills is very low, and his daughters, Mrs. Rilda Day and Mrs. Ada Kash, have been with him during his illness.

Arlie Cecil's dog which was kidnaped about a month ago made his safe return last week, and seemed as much pleased as his master.


Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA


The public school at this place is progressing nicely with Misses Falay Long and Nancy Mapel as teachers. About 85 pupils have enrolled.

The Cannel City Graded school will open August 30, with Prof. C. E. Clark as principal and Miss Sue Olive Long and J. T. Sebastian as assistants.

For Sale—Two of the Pieratt cottages for less than the lumber and lot can be bought. One acre in each lot; five rooms in each house. Apply at this office.

Every one from this section who attended the Blue Grass fair at Lexington last week came back much elated over the good time they had.

Charles Duty, the revenue man, of Winchester, and Perry Conway, representing R. G. Owen & Son, of Hartsville, Tenn., were guests of the Day House last night.

Mrs. Lou Day and daughter, Mrs. Emma Evans, returned yesterday afternoon from their trip to Lexington, Richmond and other Blue Grass points, and on their way home stopped one day with relatives in Jackson. Both look much improved in health and spirits from their outing.

## Sunday School Convention.

The Wolfe county Sunday school convention will be held at Bethel church, near Gosneyville, on the second Sunday in September, the 12th, 1909, beginning at 9:30 a. m. All Sunday school teachers and everyone interested in the work are urged to be present and take part in the exercises. Bring well filled baskets and let us have a "big dinner on the ground."

Following is the program:

Song ..... Choir
Invocation ..... W. T. Tyler
Welcome Address ..... Mrs. Agar
Response ..... Elmer Barker
Interest that Calls for Conventions ..... H. H. Swango
How to Reach the Outway Districts ..... Paul Derthick
Christless Homes of Sunday School Pupils ..... J. W. Taulbee
Appointment of Committees.
NOON RECESS.
Reports of Superintendent and Secretary.
Reports of Committees.
Obstacles to Overcome in Mountain Sunday Schools ..... S. G. Sample
Finances ..... Bruce Fulks
The Bible our Supreme Authority ..... M. O. Carter
Plans to Quicken the Interest of Sunday Schools ..... G. B. Stamper
Relation of the Sunday School to Sabbath Observance ..... Rev. Agar
Benediction. Adjournment.

(All addresses and papers limited to fifteen minutes.)

Rev. George Hardeman, Rev. Isaac, Prof. Bruce Fulks and Gordon King passed through Hazel Green last Monday en route to the big camp meeting on North Fork of Triplett in Rowan county, near the Fleming county line, which will continue for fifteen days beginning August 20. The grounds have been specially prepared for the occasion, with plenty of tents and everything necessary to hold good meetings. Prof. Bruce Fulks, who is a proficient vocalist, will have charge of the singing. Everybody is cordially invited to be present and help swell the throng.

Commissioner of Agriculture M. C. Rankin has made public the of the lecturers and the places names and dates at which the county farmers' institute will be held for 1909. These institutes this year will be of the greatest importance to the agriculturists in Kentucky, because there will be elected at each one of them one or more delegates to the state farmers' institute to be held at Frankfort next spring. The Wolfe county institute will be held at Hazel Green, October 20-21, and every farmer in the county should be present at all sessions.

Let's not complain of the warm weather and wish ourselves off at some breezy coast or some idle pleasure when there is so much to be done ere the cold winter winds come upon us. We hasten the summer to come and we hasten it away.

Too soon will the summer have vanished,
The fleecy clouds drifted away;
The cold blighting winds will have banished
The beauties that pleaded to stay!

Get busy and the cool mountain breeze and sunshine will do more for you than summer tonic or idle resting.

Sherman H. Stivers, of Paris, agent and correspondent for the Lexington Herald and Evening Gazette, as well as correspondent for a number of other leading papers, has been a guest at Rittenhouse Ranch for several days.

The millinery establishment of Miss Falay Long will shortly be moved to the upper floor of Cecil Bros.' new store. Mrs. Rilda Day will open a modern dressmaking establishment in the house vacated.

Mrs. John Craven left for her home at Frankfort Monday morning. Mrs. Craven has won many friends during her stay among us, and she carries with her the best wishes of her friends in Hazel Green.

The people of this section should not fail to visit Montgomery county fair, to be held at Mt. Sterling, August 31, September 1, 2, 3 and 4. It promises to be one of the best in Kentucky.

## DR. WEBER WRITES

### Of the Revival Meeting at Hazel Green.

I have just returned home from a delightful visit to our church at Hazel Green. At our recent district conference I promised Bro. W. B. Ragan, the Hazel Green pastor, that I would give him ten days of preaching and it was to keep that promise that I went to the hill country. To me it was a most delightful meeting and I am confident that our cause was strengthened and the general interests of the kingdom were advanced. I doubt if we could have selected a more unfortunate time for our meeting. It was in the dark of the moon, the haying was at a critical stage, the corn was overrun with weeds and the school was closed. Much of the Hazel Green congregation comes from the young people in attendance upon the excellent academy of the Disciples church "at that point." Then to add to our other difficulties the pastor could not be with us for several days on account of sickness in his family.

We are a small band at Hazel Green, but we have some of the elect. I was surprised to see such a substantial and well kept church building. I have never seen better behavior or more attentive listening to the preaching. It is a positive delight to preach to such people. The very large attendance of young people is noticeable and for intelligent interest in the services they are entitled to high rank. The people are responsive to the gospel truth. We had several seasons of gracious manifestation of God's presence and power. On more than one occasion the shout of victory was heard as God was blessing His people. Our membership was substantially increased and fresh interest was aroused. We must rally to Hazel Green and see that we keep a live and active man at that critical point. I heard but one opinion as to Bro. Ragan. The people love him and respect him as a man and as preacher.

For effective work, I believe Hazel Green has the best Epworth League in the conference. In spite of many discouragements that league has kept right on with its work and service is held every Sunday. Much of this good record is due to the faithful work of the president, Miss Mollie Swango. Her hands have been loyally held up by her brother, Ernest Swango, and Misses Lola Young, Nancy Sample, Myrtle Cecil, Ella Center and other bright and happy young leaguers.

The Sunday school is also doing good work under Brother Harmon Swango, as superintendent. We have a hold on the young people of that section and we must keep it. Some of the best families of the mountains belong to our church at Hazel Green. There are no more substantial people to be found anywhere than the Swangos, Cecils, Samples, Kashes, Williamses, Taulbees and others of that grade. It was a genuine pleasure to meet Sister Nancy Swango, whose people I had known in Virginia. She is a mother of Methodism in that section. Although advanced in years, she attended most of our services and was greatly blessed with them.

I was entertained at the Swango Springs, kept by good friend Bro. Swango. That wonderful water was accountable for the great appetite I developed and the fine physical condition I am now in. If one is run down, there is no better place for recuperation than Swango Springs.

Among those who connected themselves with our church were Harmon Swango, Mrs. Clarke Cecil, Dr. Williams, wife and daughter, Miss Mae, and Mrs. Patton.

Up in that part of the conference, the people regard Bascom Ragan and Creed Oney as the big men of Kentucky Methodism. One good brother in telling me of the great sermons of Bro. Oney, said: "Why, he began preaching while he was a boy. He used to get on a stump and preach to the corn, and it was wonderful how he would rather preach to the corn than plow it."—J. L. Weber, in Central Methodist Advocate.


If your liver is sluggish and out of tone, and you feel dull, bilious constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight before retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by all dealers.


### Would Like To Know.

Friend Cooper: While Mr. Lampton is asking you about the stumps, I would like to ask him if there is anyone lives on Stamper Branch, or in that vicinity, except Stampers? Best wishes, C. B. A.

Chanute, Kans.

## KENTUCKY KERNELS

### Carefully Collated and Concisely Chronicled.

Henry Long, colored, who claimed to be 110 years old, died last week at La-Grange.

Governor Wilson denies the rumor that he will resign his present office to take a federal appointment.

To prevent an epidemic of typhoid fever several public wells in Shelbyville have been closed by order of the town authorities.

While attempting to bridle a horse Allen Prewitt, a well known farmer of Montgomery county, was pawed in the face by the animal and badly hurt.

John Simpson, a well known Allen county farmer, was called out of bed to his door one night recently by a mob of six masked men and shot to death.

The state board of election commissioners will meet in Frankfort on the 25th inst., at which time the county election commissioners will be named.

Nothing but the paper on the walls was left at the Louisville Dental Laboratory after thieves had visited the place and carried off more than $5,000 worth of booty.

Samuel C. Johnson, aged 70 years, was accidentally killed at his farm near Walton, in Boone county, by the kick of a heavily loaded shot gun which he fired at some crows.

The stock barn of John and Ed McCord, of Madison county, was last week struck by lightning and destroyed. It contained a lot of feed, a fine jack and five fine horses.

Claude Scott, aged 22, of Frankfort, while visiting on the farm of W. J. Driscoll, near Choatesville, accidentally shot himself in the eye with a 22-calibre rifle and died while being taken to a hospital.

W. B. Aultman, a picture agent from Cincinnati, while engaged in a base ball game at Morehead, was hit on the head by a ball, rupturing a blood vessel, from the effects of which he died in a few hours.

Two well dressed strangers entered the Beaumont Hotel, in Mt. Sterling, the other night and held up the night clerk at the point of a pistol. The cash drawer was ransacked and $2.50 in cash and some stamps taken.

Mrs. J. B. Haggins has made plans for the erection of a church on Elmendorf farm. Its erection is to be begun in September, and, it is said, will be undenominational and for the benefit of the employes on the farm.

Abram Renick, of Clark county, has been selected as judge of the beef cattle rings at the Ohio state fair at Columbus. He has also been selected as one of the judges of shorthorn cattle at the Alaska-Yukon exposition in Seattle.

James Engleman, the night operator of the Cincinnati Southern at King's Mountain, was murdered and robbed one night last week. He is the second operator to be the victim of the assassin's bullet at this station in three years.

A little son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blanton, of Clark county, who was just beginning to walk, was missed from the house a few minutes and search being made it was found that the little fellow had fallen into a lard can half filled with water and drowned.

Attorney T. N. Rose, who was representing Harry Smith and W. T. Greenstat in their trial for selling whisky without license, made the startling discovery that the village of Russell, in Greenup county, had been without a police judge since the November election in 1907.

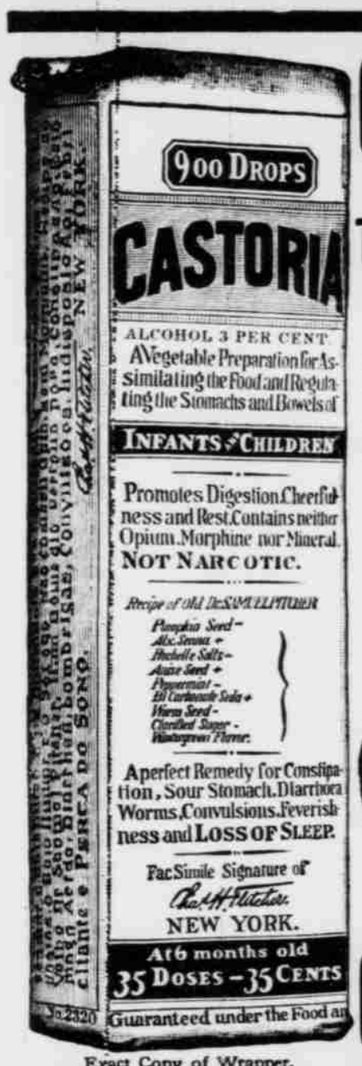
Dynamiters blew up a section of the Licking river lumber company's dam at Farmers, where employes of the company have been on a strike for several weeks. The dynamite was set off so near the home of Judge Sorrell, postmaster at Farmers, that his family felt the shock.

The old court house at Washington, in Mason county, erected in 1794, was struck by lightning last week and completely destroyed. When the county seat was removed to Maysville, in 1848, it was converted into a school house and for many years used as such. It was here that Harriet Beecher Stowe saw "Old Uncle Tom," the original of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sold on the block into slavery.

David Brooks, one of the most widely known stock raisers of Jefferson county, who was gored by a steer some years ago and came out of the encounter with a broken neck, was again crippled last week in a runaway accident, when the horse reared up and landed on top of Brooks. Brooks sustained a broken hip and his body was badly crushed. He is 60 years of age and his recovery is doubtful.


In buying a cough medicine, don't be afraid to get Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is sure to follow. Especially recommended for coughs, colds and whooping cough. Sold by all dealers.




900 DROPS
CASTORIA
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac Simile Signature of
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DOSES – 35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food an
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



# CECIL BROS.,

Dealers in General Merchandise,
Country Produce, etc.

Our stock of Spring and Summer Goods is complete.
All the latest styles in Dress Goods and Lawns

CALICOES, at 5 Cents a Yard.

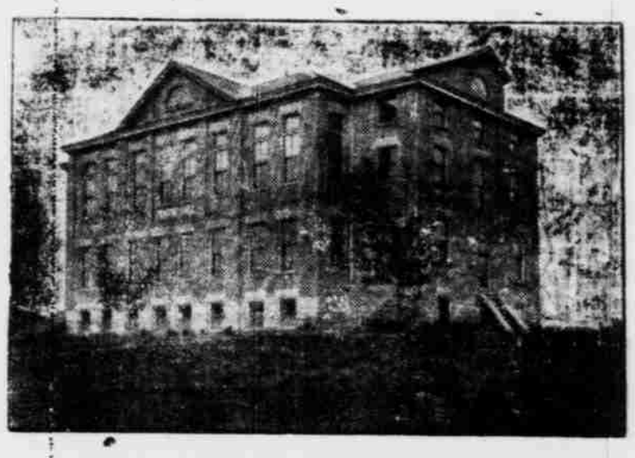
OUR FINE LINE OF

SHOES and OXFORDS

are up-to-date and will astonish you.

If You Don't See What You Want, Call For It





THE NEXT SESSION OF

# HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY

WILL BEGIN

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.



# Kash, Johnson & Kash,

—DEALERS IN—

# General Merchandise,

COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

Invite the attention of the people of Hazel Green and vicinity to the new stock of goods they hove just received, embracing general stores, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Fruits and Vegetables in season, Farmers' Hardware, &c., and especially their

HAMILTON-BROWN SHOES

a specialty. We have them in all the varied styles and qualities for WOMEN AND MEN, and sell them at the lowest margin of profit.

All Shield-Brand Clothing and Shoes

of our former immense stock, including in the lot some very fine and many pairs of suitable farm shoes, every pair a bargain, will be sold

At Cost and Carriage, and Even Less.

Kash, Johnson & Kash.

## COLLIE DOGS AT THE STATE FAIR.

### An Exhibit That Should Appeal to Progressive Farmers.

The collie dog exhibit from present indications will be bigger and more attractive than ever before. The number of prize rings have been increased and the premiums are more liberal than last year's show. It will be held under the rules of the American Kennel club and as four points are to be gained by owners toward a championship medal, it is confidently expected that there will be a number of high class exhibits from the eastern and northern states and it is not at all unlikely that some of the most celebrated kennels in the United States will be represented at this show. The exhibit will be conducted under the auspices of the Kentucky State Fair Collie club, which includes in its membership the most prominent collie fanciers in the state and gentlemen who are quite prominent in business and social affairs. The club officers are: Judge Geo. DuReese, president, Prof. M. A. Scovell, vice president, W. J. Sellman, secretary, John H. Good, Joseph Burge, W. H. Giltner, W. R. Moorman, Jr., members of the executive committee. A number of special prizes have been secured and altogether the prospects are quite flattering. The collie has come to be recognized as a farmer's dog and for this reason this show should appeal to every progressive farmer in the Commonwealth. For many years past the dog show has been one of the very best attractions of the State Fair. This year with an increased number of dogs and a greatly increased interest in the show, it should be better than ever.

## SOME FINE FEATURES.

### Special Nights at the Kentucky State Fair.

Mr. A. B. Lipecomb, president of the Louisville advertisers club, will be at the head of the special nights' program. Mr. Lipscomb is ambitious to make the special night features a greater attraction than at any previous fair and with the addition of the night horse show, which has proved such a popular attraction at all of the leading State Fairs and Hippodrome performances in the pavilion, there is little doubt that his hopes will be realized. Associated with him are the following influental and enterprising gentlemen, each of whom will strive to make his night the best: Prof. E. H. Mark, of the Louisville public schools, who will be chairman Monday night, designed as school children's night; Mr. Louis Seelbach, chairman Tuesday night, which has been named German-American night; John Rechtenwald, president of the Louisville federation of labor, chairman Wednesday night, labor night; Col. W. B. Haldeman, commander of the first Kentucky regiment, chairman military night, Thursday night; John J. Barry, chairman Irish American night, Friday night; J. E. Dorland, chairman farewell night, Saturday night.

Saturday should be an entertaining day to the children, as the Shetland pony classes will all be exhibited, and to the general public on account of the horse championships being awarded that day.

## MACHINERY EXHIBITS.

### Plenty of Space For Such Displays at Kentucky State Fair.

Applications for space in the machinery department are being received daily at the State Fair offices. The importance and magnitude of exhibits in this department are growing every year. While the same advantages are not offered to exhibitors as are given them by older institutions in the way of machinery halls, there will be plenty of space in one of the most conveniently located parts of the grounds for exhibits of this nature, and every other facility and accomodation will be at their disposal. Among those who have signified their intentions of making displays at the Fair this year are manufacturers of engines, pumps, stock scales, fences, mills, road machines, vehicles, harvesting machines, haying machines, planters, plows, and everything in the way of modern up-to date machinery and farming utensils. The farmer who would keep abreast of the times, must necessarily be instructed in the use of better methods of farming and the use of improved and labor saving machinery on the farm, and can find no stronger object lesson than at an exhibition of this kind.

## AN INNOVATION.

### Hereford Sale at the Kentucky State Fair.

For the first time at the Kentucky State Fair there will be held a public sale of registered Hereford cattle on Thursday, Sept. 16th, 1909. This sale will be made up of some of the best cattle owned by Kentucky Hereford breeders, and something like fifty head will be offered.

If this sale is a success, as is confidently believed it will be, in the future public sales of other breeds of cattle will probably be held, as well as registered sheep and hogs. Any farmer wanting foundation stock of Herefords would do well to be on hand at this sale, as the cattle will be sold irrespective of price, to the highest bidder.

For catalog, entry blank or other information, write J. W. Newman, Secretary, 320 Paul Jones Building, Louisville, Ky.

# POLLY of the CIRCUS

By MARGARET MAYO

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE "leap of death" implements were being carried from the ring, and Jim turned away to superintend their loading.

Performers again rushed by each other on their way to and from the main tent.

Polly stood in the center of the lot, frowning and anxious. The mere mention of the pastor's name had made it seem impossible for her to ride tonight. For hours she had been whipping herself up to the point of doing it, and now her courage failed her. She followed Barker as he came from the rink.

"Mr. Barker, please!"

He turned upon her sharply.

"Well, what is it now?"

"I want to ask you to let me off again tonight." She spoke in a short, jerky, desperate way.

"What!" he shrieked. "Not go into the ring, with all them people inside what's paid their money because they knowed you?"

"That's it!" she cried. "I can't! I can't!"

"You're gettin' too tony!" Barker sneered. "That's the trouble with you. You ain't been good for nothin' since you was at that parson's house. You didn't stay there, and you're no use here. First thing you know you'll be out all round."

"Out?"

"Sure. You don't think I'm goin' to head my bill with a 'dead one,' do you?"

"I am not a 'dead one,'" she answered excitedly. "I'm the best rider you've had since mother died. You've said so yourself."

"That was afore you got in with them church cranks. You talk about your mother! Why, she'd be ashamed to own you."

"She wouldn't!" cried Polly. Her eyes were flashing; her face was scarlet. The pride of hundreds of years of ancestry was quivering with indignation. "I can ride as well as I ever could, and I'll do it too. I'll do it tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" echoed Barker. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I can't go into that ring tonight," she declared, "and I won't."

She was desperate now and trading upon a strength beyond her own.

He looked at her with momentary indecision. She was a good rider, the best since her mother, as he had often told her. He could see this meant an issue. He felt she would be on her mettle tomorrow, as far as her work was concerned, if he let her alone tonight.

"All right," he said sullenly. "You can stay off tonight. I got the crowd in there anyway, and I got their money. I'll let Eloise do a turn on Barbarian, but tomorrow you'd better show me your old act."

"I'll show you!" she cried. "I'll show you!"

"Well, see that you do." He crossed into the ring.

Polly stood where Barker had left her, white and tense. Jim came toward her from the direction of the wagons. He glanced at her uneasily. "What's he been a-sayin' to you?"

"He says I can't ride any more." Her lips closed tightly. She stared straight ahead of her. "He says I was no good to the people that took me in and I'm no use here."

"It's not so!" thundered Jim.

"No, it's not!" she cried. "I'll show him, Jim! I'll show him—tomorrow!" She turned toward the dressing tent. Jim caught her firmly by the wrist.

"Wait, Poll! You ain't ever goin' into the ring a-feelin' that way." Her eyes met his defiantly.

"What's the difference? What's the difference?" She wrenched her wrist quickly from him and ran into the dressing tent, laughing hysterically.

"An' I brung her back to it," mumbled Jim as he turned to give orders to the property men.

Most of the "first half props" were loaded, and some of the men were asleep under the wagons. The lot was clear. Suddenly he felt some one approaching from the back of the inclosure. He turned and found himself face to face with the stern, solitary figure of the pastor, wrapped in his long black cloak. The moonlight slipped through a rift in the clouds and fell into a circle around them.

"What made you come here?" was all Jim said.

"I heard that Miss Polly didn't ride today. I was afraid she might be ill."

"What's that to you?"

"She isn't ill?" Douglas demanded anxiously, oblivious to the gruffness in the big fellow's voice.

"She's all right," Jim answered shortly as he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and avoided the pastor's burning gaze.

"And she's happy, she's content?"

"Sure."

"I'm glad," said Douglas dully. He tried to think of some way to prolong their talk. "I've never heard from her, you know."

"Us folks don't get much time to write." Jim turned away and began tinkering with one of the wagons.

Douglas had walked up and down in front of the tents again and again, fighting against a desire to do the very thing that he was doing, but to no purpose, and now that he was here it seemed impossible that he should go away so unsatisfied. He crossed to Jim and came determinedly to the point.

"Can't I see her, Jim?"

"It's agin the rules." He did not turn.

There was another pause; then Douglas started slowly out of the lot.

"Wait a minute," called Jim, as though the words had been wrung from him. The pastor came back with a question in his eyes.

"I lied to you."

"She's not well, then?"

"Oh, yes, she's well enough. It ain't that; it's about her being happy."

"She isn't?" There was a note of unconscious exultation in his voice.

"No. She ain't happy here, an' she was happy with you."

"Then why did she leave me?"

"I don't know. She wasn't goin' to do it at first. Somethin' must 'a' happened afterwards, somethin' that you an' me didn't know about."

"We will know about it, Jim. Where is she?" His quick eye searched the lot. His voice had regained its old command. He felt that he could conquer worlds.

"You can't do no good that way," answered Jim. "She don't want to see you again."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, but she told me she'd run away if I ever even talked to you about her."

"You needn't talk, Jim. I'll talk for myself. Where is she?"

"She'll be comin' out soon. You can wait around out here with me. I'll let you know in time." He led the way through a narrow passage between the wagons.

Jim and Douglas had barely left the lot when Deacon Elverson's small, round head slipped cautiously around the corner of the dressing tent. The little deacon glanced exultantly about him. He was monarch of all he surveyed. It was very thrilling to stand here on this forbidden ground smelling the sawdust, gazing at the big red wagons, studying the unprotected circus properties and listening to the lightening tempo of the band.

"Did you see him?" shouted Strong, who had followed closely upon Elverson's heels.

The little deacon started. Strong was certainly a disturbing factor at times.

"Yes, I—I saw him."

"Well?"

"He—he—didn't see her."

"What did he do?" Strong was beside himself with impatience.

"He—he just talked to the big un and went out that way." Elverson nodded toward the wagons.

"I guess he ain't gone far," sneered Strong. "He come over to this lot to see her, and he ain't goin' to give up till he does it. You wait here. I'll take a look round." He went quickly in the direction of the wagons.

Elverson needed no second invitation to wait. He was congratulating himself upon his good fortune when he all but collided with a flying apparition, vanishing in the direction of the main tent. Sophisticated eyes would have seen only a rather stout acrobat clad in pink tights, but Elverson was not sophisticated, and he teetered after the flitting angel, even unto the forbidden portals of the big top.

He was peeping through the curtains which had fallen behind her and was getting his first glimpse of the great sawdust world beyond when one of the clowns dashed from the dressing tent on his way to the ring.

The clown was late. He saw the limp coattails of the deacon, who was three-quarters in the tent. Here was a chance to make a funny entrance. He grabbed the unsuspecting little man from the rear. The terrified deacon struck out blindly in all directions, his black arms and legs moving like a centiped's, but the clown held him firmly by the back and thrust him headforemost into the tent.

Strong returned almost immediately from his unsuccessful search for the pastor. He looked about the lot for Elverson.

"Hey, there, Elverson!" he called lustily. There was no response.

"Now, where's he got to?" grumbled Strong. He disappeared quickly around the corner of the dressing tent, resolved to keep a sharp lookout for Douglas.

Elverson was thrust from the tent soon after, spitting sawdust and much discomfited, by the laughing performers who followed him. His knees almost gave way beneath him when Barker came out of the ring, snapping his long black whip.

"Get out of here, you bloke!" roared Barker, and Elverson "got."

No one had remembered to tell the groom that Polly was not to ride tonight, so Bingo was brought out as usual when their "turn" approached.

"Take him back, Tom," Polly called from the entrance when she learned Bingo was waiting, "and bring Barbarian. "I'm not going on tonight. Eloise is going to ride in my place."

This was the second time today that Bingo had been led away without going into the ring. Something in his big, wondering eyes made Polly follow him and apologize. He was very proud, was Bingo, and very conscientious. He felt uneasy when he saw the other horses going to their work without him.

"Never mind, Bingo," she said, patting his great, arched neck; "we'll show 'em tomorrow." He rubbed his satiny nose against her cheek. "We'll make them sit up again. Barker says our act's no good—that I've let down. But it's not your fault, Bingo. I've not been fair to you. I'll give you a chance tomorrow. You wait. He'll never say it again, Bingo, never again!"

Polly had nothing more to do tonight except to get into her street clothes. The wagons would soon be moving away. For a moment she glanced at the dark church steeple, then she turned to go inside the tent. A deep, familiar voice stopped her.

"Polly!"

She turned quickly. She could not answer. Douglas came toward her. He gazed at her in amazement. She drew her cape about her slightly clad figure. She seemed older to him, more unapproachable with her hair heaped high and sparkling with jewels.

She found strength at last to open her lips, but still no sound came from them. She and the pastor looked at each other strangely, like spirits newly met from far apart worlds. She, too, thought her companion changed. He was older; the circles beneath his eyes were deeper, the look in their depths more grave.

"We were such close neighbors today I—I rather thought you'd call," he stammered. He was uncertain what he was saying. It did not matter—he was there with her!

"When you're in a circus there isn't much time for calling."

"That's why I've come to call on you." They might have been shepherd and shepherdess in a May day wooing for the halting way in which their words came.

"You're all right?" he went on. "You're happy?"

"Yes, very," she said. Her eyes were downcast.

He did not believe her. The effort in her voice, her drawn, white face, belied her words. How could he get the truth from her?

"Jim said you might not want to see me."

She started.

"Has Jim been talking to you?"

"Yes, but I didn't let him stop me, for you told me the day you left that you'd never change—toward me. Have you, Polly?" He studied her anxiously.

"Why, no, of course not," she said evasively.

"And you'll be quite frank when I ask you something?"

"Yes, of course." She was growing more and more uneasy. She glanced about for a way of escape.

"Why did you leave me as you did?"

"I told you then." She tried to cross toward the dressing tent.

He seized her small wrists and forced her to look at him.

"And I am not happy without you, and I never, never can be." The floodgates were open. His eyes were aglow. He bent toward her eagerly.

"Oh, you mustn't!" she begged.

"You've grown so close," he cried, "so close!" She struggled to be free. He did not heed her. "You know, you must know, what I mean." He drew her toward him and forced her into his arms. "You're more precious to me than all else on this earth."

For the first time he saw the extreme pallor on her face. He felt her growing limp and lifeless in his arms. A doubt crossed his mind. "If I am wrong in thinking you feel as I do, if you honestly care for all this," he glanced about at the tents, "more than for any life that I can give you, I

"Never mind, Bingo."

shan't interfere. You'll be going on your way in an hour. I'll say goodby and God bless you, but if you do care for me, Polly," he was pleading now, "if you're not happy here, won't you come back to me? Won't you, Polly?"

She dared not meet his eyes nor yet to send him away. She stood irresolute. The voice of Deacon Strong answered for her.

"So you're here, are you?"

"Yes, Deacon Strong, I'm here," answered the pastor as he turned to meet the accusing eyes of the deacon.

"As for you, miss," continued Strong, with an insolent nod toward Polly, "I might have known how you'd keep your part of the bargain."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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